I had taken my chambers in Gray's-inn-square, and was inclined to like them. They were on the second floor, and consisted of three rooms. The door on the landing opened and to a narrow passage, at the end of which, three rooms. The door on the landing opened on to a nurrow passage, at the end of which, on the right, was the door of the sitting room, the three windows of which looked on to a dingy green expanse, where stood a few tall gaunt London trees. In one corner of the sitting room was a door leading into the bedroom, which communicated with a dressing room. This dressing room had a door leading into the ond of the passage, to the left of the main entrance from the landing. Thus I could make the "complete circuit of my premises: from the sitting room, through the bed and dressing rooms into the passage, and through the passage into the sitting room again. I am anxious to be understood on this point, as a realization of the topography of the place is necessary to the comprehension of the incidents I had by relate.

dents I had be relate.

I will premise by assuring my reader that at the time of which I am speaking I was in thorough physical health. As is the case with most sucking barristers, I rather prided myself on cultivating a habit of mind that should not permit me to be unduly impressed by causes unwarranted by ealm reflection. I had been accustomed to a sudentary, to some extent a solitary life, and in moving to Gray's-inn-square had determined to apply myself unremittingly to logal studies.

My new chambers had been unoccupied for some months, and after making sure that they had been well cleaned and scrubbed. I sent in my furniture, and took possession. It was on a chill dark October evening that, after dining at an accustomed eating-house, I wended my way to my new quarters. I shall never forget that evening: there was a heavy clammy feeling in the air of the streets; and as I turned into the dreary square the air seemed heavier and clammier. On arriving at my chambers, I found the deat spirit solden old creature who had attached herself to me as laundress and charwoman in the act of setting out the teat-things. The lamp was lighted, and a bright fire burned in the grate. On my coming in, the old woman mumbled a few words, the meaning of which I did not catch; however, wen meased with the air of comfort she had imparted to the place, I wished her a cheery good night as she went out.

Having closed and locked the outer door, I returned down the passage into the sitting room. I can perfectly call to mind its appearance on that night. The polished furniture was gleaning and glistening in the light, the windows were veiled by thick curtains, and the door leading into the bedroom stood ajar. I congratulated myself out a cup of tea, and laying poured myself out a cup of tea, and laying poured in the dedroom stood ajar. I congratulated myself on my possessions, and having poured in section of one of the condition of maling one of the windows open. But uo; they were all closed and fastened. Through the panes I could di

so fabiastically real, that even after a lapse of many years I call them to mind with a shudder of horror.

I remember, as though it were yest-cray, the appearance of the room as I mused lazily in my arm-chair befape grains to steep. The sound of an organ, which was playing in some neighboring street, came to me fiffully, at times seeming to be almost close to me, at times, again, seeming to proceed from some great distance. The fire had burned low, occasionally cracking and ticking; the lamp, as I have mentioned, was burning dimly, and a large portion of the room was in deep shadow. I do not know how long I had stept, when I became conscious of my own being. I cannot say that I awakened; for though all my mental faculties were struggling painfully into life, my vital action seemed suspended, and I was unable to move hand or foot. A cold perspiration burst from all my pores as I made tremendous but vain offorts to shake off the incubus that was upon me. My feeling was not one of impotence; it was as though I had been frozen into a solid block of ice. I endeavored to call out; I had no power over my volce, and could not inter a sound. But as I gasped ami panted, there stole into my nostrils a deathy, terrible, overpowering stench, unmistakable in its penetrating sickliness to me who had trequented hospitals. It was the dread odor of decomposing mortality that was suffocating me as I sat. I felt that I must break the spell, or die. With one terrific exertion that strained every nerve and muscle, I dread odor of decomposing mortality that was sufficiating me as I sat. I felt that I must break the spell, or die. With one terrific exertion that strained every nerve and muscle, I burst from the chair, and fell cowering on my knees before the fire. The lamp had gone out, a taint gleam from the fire afforded the on y light in the room. I relighted the lamp, and having swallowed a glass of brandy, endeavored to collect my thoughts. My first idea was, that a dead body must be somewhere concealed in the room. The hideous offor still ching to my nostrils, and the absurdity of such a supposition did not strike me. I searched the room, but of course found nothing; though, to my astonishment, the bedroom door, which I had carefully closed, was wide open. As I advanced towards it with the intention of shutting it again, my lamp was extrapolated in the room as I beared.

open. As I advanced towards it with the in-tention of shutting it again, my lamp was ex-tinguished in the same unaccountable manner as before; I locked it, however, securely, and

in the same unaccountable manner as before; I locked it, however, securely, and again struck a light.

By this time I had sufficiently recovered to endeavor to reconcile my sensations to natural causes, or at any rate to a formidable attack of nightmare. I lighted my pipe, in the hope of neutralising the terrible stench that pervaded the room. Leaning on the mantel-plece, I actually smiled at beholding my own pale scared-looking face in the mirror. As I looked, sudde.dy every pulse in my body stood still. I beheld the reflection of the bedroom door, which gradually, noiselessly, opened of itself. I tried to command myself, and turned round towards the door. The same intense thrill of cold, but not a soul was there. I considered for an instant, and cross-examined myself as to my own condition. It was evident that my nerves were completely unatrang, and I decided, as I reflected in the lookingglass my own ghastly-looking face, that I was not in a condition to investigate the matter any further for that night. A dread was upon me that I could not shake off; so, hastly mating on my great-coat and hat, I hurried out of the room, through the passage, found myself on the landing with a sign of raisef, and locking the outer door, walked to the rooms of a friend who lived in the neighborhood.

Service, was glad to see me, and offered me a shake-down for the night. I informed him at once of the cause of my ignominious flight from my own rooms. My experiences had been too unmistakably real for to me dread ridicule in the relation of them. So, confessing unreservedly that I had been almost frightened out of my wits, I sat patiently enough as he endeavored to prove satisfactorily that my sensations were entirely due to nerves or indigestion. Before retiring to rest, however, we agreed to spend the following night together in my chambers. In the morning we each went to our respective duttes, with an arrangement to meet at dinner in the evening. I did not easily show that the display the norm grown and found everything to lea again struck a light.

By this time I had sufficiently recovered to

the dartanged a shan sacrator with my back to the bedroom-door, as on the previous night; S—was seated oppose to me, consequently facing the door, which I had closed, locked, acing the door, which I had closed, locked, and botted, on completing our tour of inspection; S., who was in high spirits, loking at me the while. I remembered, however, the uncomfortable tendency it had to open on its own account, and determined that it should be as securely fastened as a good lock and bolt would admit of. We-were both fair chess-players, and consulty matched.

increst of the game culminated, and we were considering it with an intentness known only to chess-players. The move was with me. Knowing it to be a critical one. I was considering it at length, in all its aspects; my decision was just formed, and I was on the point of moving a piece, when gradually, surely, I became aware of the same extraordinary sensation of cold as on the night before, just as if the surrounding atmosphere were becoming feed into solidity. I feit that the bedroom-door behind me was opening. I looked up with the intention of calling S-- attention to the phenomenon, but my movement was unnecessary; he was equally conscions of it with myself. He had risen from his chair, and I can never forget the expression of his face, which was livid and distorted. His eyes were wide open, and turned full on the door that was behind my chair. All his features were convulsed, and his appearance, as he bent forword, as in an intensity of horrifled: expectation, was perfectly to 'tle. I actually saw his hair lift from his he and the great beads of perspiration burst fr. his forchead. He took not the slightest notice of my movement, but slowly raised one hand, as if pointing to something in the room behind me; then suddenly, and without giving me a moment's warning, with one loud yell of agonized terror, he dashed to the door leading into the passage, through the passage, and out of the main door, which slammed heavily behind him. I hurried after him into the passage, through the passage, and out of the main door, which slammed heavily behind him. I hurried after him into the passage in the bedroom. We had madvertently left the door open on coming in, and thus S-had been cambled to escape. It would be impossible for me to describe my feelings at finding myself alone in the passage, Hove on the horror. I feel my had been cambed to escape. It would be impossible for me to describe my feelings at finding prome. The lamp was extinguished; the fire that to leave my chambers it was bending with a slettly glare. With c

I have never cared to make any inquiries as to the previous immates of the chambers. It is true I have heard that an inmate of one set cut his throat under peculiarly horrible circulty the section I have been described in the allegate and the content of the allegate and chambers I occupied for so short a time; in-deed, nothing would induce me ever again to enter Gray's-inn-square.

ABOUT DREAMS.

The Border Land of Dreams-A Curious Analysis-How to Sleep.

deasure of falling asleep," is so very rarely analyzed by men of science, that some very of these is, that you cannot fall asleep until you cease thinking. The common recipe for for the securing of sleep-to go on counting hundred after hundred until you become insensible-is said to be invaluable, because it is supposed to exercise thought. In fact, it does

In sleep we remember and call up before us persons long dead; we reason with them, and some times, by an inexplicable mental freak, we allow them to puzzle and perplex us with an argument or a conundrum which they have to explain to us, and judge of their appearance and conduct; and we imagine an incessant panorama of action in which they are engaged. Frequenty the mental products of sleep are next day available to us. We are possessed at the epigram which one or other of the characters in the sleep-drama uttered. We can remember the extravagant vagarles and gorgeous spectacular effects of the sleep-scenery—the castles of milk-white cloud, the seas of liquid fire, the gardens in which every flower has a heart of diamonds. And as all these intallectual processes must have their correlative physical effects, it is just probable that the brain-material gets no rest at all; that the constant transmutation o' substance in the cerebral cells, which physiologists postulate, goes on by night as by day. Some great and radical differences there undoubtedly are between the tainking of wakefuness and the thinking of sleep; in the latter, for example, we are never conscious that we are thinking, and our thoughts are entirely beyond the direction of the will.

But there is a remarkably curlous period lust on this side of actual sleep, in which the the test and that the this side of actual sleep, in which the the

we are never conscious that we are thinking; and our thoughts are entirely beyond the direction of the will.

But there is a remarkably curious period just on this side of actual sleep, in which there is only a half consciousness of thought, and in which our thinking is, to a certain extent, subject to volition. The men and women, and the scenes we behold during this period, have none of the fine independence and completeness of the creations of dreams. The dream figures are like the impossible figures which the magic lantern shows us; the figures which the magic lantern shows us; the figures that haunt this transitional state are like real men and women seen through a piece of bottle-glass. During this period we still preserve some notions of consistency and agreement; in the land of dreams impossibility has become natural. Take the very case of counting numbers. In a dream you feel conditent that you can count a hundred backwards and forwards a the same time, and you may have a vague physical impression that your organ of calculation is a piece of India rubber which has been painfully stretched to the extremes of the hundred, and that its two poluts will somehow cross each other when you (who are outside of the process) arrive at fifty. This nensence is impossible in that confused and still conscious period of which we speak. Then we estill have the resolution to go on countingone, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, in constant succession. In a short time we become vaguely aware that nine has dropped out. Then eight drops out. Each time we come to seven we make a sudden grasp at ten, as if the filling up of the histus were an unnocessary mental effort. Every decade is now represented by one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, non, five, six, seven, epice, four, five, six, seven, epice, four, five, six, seven, epice, four, five, six, seven, ten.

The same peculiarity attends the compound mental processes. All the faces, figures, speeches, and scenes that crowd this semi-conscious state have a certain reality about them, which stops at a particular point. They either want the complete identification that wakefulness would give them, or they include one or two points of extraneous detail. The combination is very singular—far more singular than anything that occurs in actual dreaming. For one is, by fits and starts, conscious of the gross absurdities that are present to one's mind. In dreaming proper, one is never conscious of the extravagance of the thing dreamed. It is true that a confused effort of consciouses is sometimes felt in dreams. Some terrible dauger threatens the dreamer; he is in a condition of absolute fear, and then, all at once, he says to himself.

Those who have tried it, know that it cured them: and then, all at contains of absolute feat and then, all at once, he says to himse "Why, what a fool I am! It is only a dream And he may remember, after he has awok that he has thus reasoned with himself. It in almost all cases it will be found that this he tion of some such frightful dream, had previously prepared. As a matter of fact he cannot, in a dream, convince himself that he dreams. He hopes that he is dreaming; but he is still mortally afraid of the object that has terrified him; and before he has become quife assured that he is dreaming he invariably awakes. Indeed, the occurrence of the notion that he may be dreaming is only one of the symptoms of dawning wakefulness.

But in the pro-somnolent period there is a nebulous consciousness that something is wrong, with an indolent disability to set it right. Perhaps it is the picture of Prague by moonlight that rises up somehow in that wonderful and expansive mist which lies immediately within the human cyclids. We are

moonlight that rises up somehow in that wenderful and expansive mist which lies immediately within the human eyelids. We are standing up on the massive Pradschin, with the pale white castles beside us, with the great dark city sleeping down there on the plain, and with the broad Moldau lying truder the lambent moonlight. There is the bridge we know. The gas kunps by the river side glimmer down into the water. There, too, are the Sofien and Schfitzen isles, a dark mass in the middle of the stream. But why is it that, just beyond the islands, at the bend of the spacious river, we hazlly see the gray Tower of London? The bridge down there is adorned with big statues; it has massive gateways on the city side; it clearly cannot be London bridge. And yet the Tower is there; and if we fix our eyes on it long enough, the islands out in the stream will melt away and give place to huddled masses of shipping; the banks will develop wharfs; handsome cabs will begin to to drive across the bridge in the direction of the borough; policemen will quarrel with drunken women on the pavement, under the cold moonlight, with profuse use of Billingsgate, until we suddenly become arware of the absurdity of fancying that such things could happen in the grand old Bohemlan city in

cold moonlight, with profuse use of Billingsgate, until we suddenly become arware of the absurdity of fancying that such things could happen in the grand old Bohemian city in which Nina Balatka loved the Jew.

Not less singular are the minute points of detail in which the dozer loses his own identity. He will be involuntarily recalling a concreation he has had during the day with some one—following the successive remarks, as he imagines, with sufficient accuracy—and accidentally discover that he is talking to this person, not as he did talk, but as he imagined during the afternoon that a friend of his would have talked under the circumstances. Of course, these freaks are more marked when some time has clapsed since the occurrences with which they deal happened. Since imagination is only memory kept for a few years in bottle, it follows that memory, the older it grows, is the more likely to play tricks with facts in the way of combining what might have been with what has been. Men delight to look back upon important events in their lives and imagine new versions of them. This amusement, which is universal, has other consequences than the temporary tillilation of the fancy. The clear lines of This amusement, which is universal, has other consequences than the temporary it illation of the fancy. The clear lines of fact become blurred, indefinite, clastic, so that they include a good deal of cx post fucts speculation. Let us say that a man has been filted in his youth—a circumstance that seemed to him sufficiently tragic at the time. Years afterwards there are few things which interest him so much as to look back and calculate, with the aid of accumulated experience, what would have been the He explains occurrences this way or that way as his inney or mood inclines. Suppose th bare facts to be that he was absent from th young person to whom he was engaged; tha she in an innocent way formed an intimacy with somebody else; that her absent love heard of it, and, without the least inquiry into the matter, broke off the engagement; that she, bitterly wounded and burf, refused to re-ply to him, and subsequently married the third person who had partly caused the trouble.

ply to him, and subsequently married the third person who had partly caused the trouble. Now, in actual dreaming no action is taken on dreams that he has married his old love, that he is walking about with her in beautiful valleys, with a perpetual bloom of youth on her face. He wakes up in the morning only to thank goodness, perhaps, that he is not married to her. But on the borders of dreaminand all the old circumstances are preserved with important modifications.

It is clear that in the facts we have mentioned a dozen different explanations might be procurable. All these the disappointed lover has conned again and again, until he is not quite clear as to the particular version he ought to believe. And now the face of that tender friend of his appears through the haze of imperfect sleep, and there is a sorrowful look in the eyes, which has also in it something of reproach. He begins to think he must have eruelly wronged her. He goes back to the old times, and reviews all the old scenes and incidents and faces, and lo! the figure of the third person has dropped out of the picture. He forgets entirely that there was a young lieutenant concerned in the affair. He is amazed at his own hardness of was a young lieutenant concerned in the affair. He is amazed at his own hardness of supposed to exercise thought. In fact, it does nothing of the kind. It is possible to go on counting mechanically while the mind is busy in quite other directions, drawing imaginary pletures, recalling the events of the day, and so forth. The monotony of counting certainly tends to induce steep, and so far lessens the chances of the obtrusion of conscious thought. But the notion that one must cease to think before one can steep is only a vulgar error. Certain operations of the mind—of memory reason, judgment, and, above all, of imagination—do not cease even after actual sleep has set in.

In sleep we remember and call up before insperaons long dead; we reason with them, and some ilmes, by an inexplicable mental freak, we allow them to puzzle and perplex us with an argument or a conundrum which they have to explain to us, and ladge of their appearance and conduct; and we imagine at the sad and resolves to repair the wrong done to this girl with the sad and beautiful eyes. He will go to-morrow morning and beg her forgiveness. How pleasant it will be on the old and kind footing, and, as the spring is coming in, he thinks of linstings, and rambles along the shore, and a happy marriage. It is not so long ago since the terrible misfortine and misapprehension occurred. He will go at once and make it up with his one cat on his garden wall begin to how, the young lleutenant suddenly jumps into the picture again, bringing with him all the attendant circumstances of the marriage, the long lapse of years, children, and residence in a foreign country. The disappointed and dozing love growls disastisfaction at his own stupidity and wonders how he could have been such a fool as to thin; of going to-morrow to make it up with his oid love, when that respectable lady is a major's wife, and lives in Bhawalp.or. affair.

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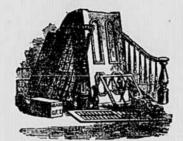
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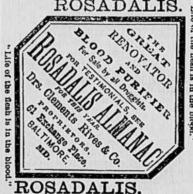
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